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# The Nassau Literary Magazine

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THE  
Nassau Literary Magazine

Vol. LVII

DECEMBER, 1901

No. 5

AFTER COMMUNION

*Clear in the cold night sky,  
Tranquil through earthly wars,  
Bright on the infinite dark,  
Glitter the wonderful stars.*

Dark storms that threatened are gone.  
Gone? Ah no; for still  
They threat; but they cannot quell  
The passionate masterful will!

And the pain-earned joy has come,  
Tried by the days of strife,  
True and triumphant at last,—  
Joy for the gift of life!

For now we can rise to feel  
(The baser life outworn)  
'Tis better to live and struggle  
Than be unexistent, unborn!

For surely not stript is the soul  
By death of its gains of earth,  
Brave years must make for the high  
In that life of the second birth.

*Clear in the cold night sky  
Glitter the wonderful stars  
Bright on the infinite dark,  
After the earthly wars!*

—Raymond Sanderson Williams.

**THE PERSONAL SIDE OF JAMES BOSWELL**

---

Macaulay said that Boswell wrote one of the most charming of books because he was one of the greatest of fools. To call a man a fool who numbered among his close friends Edmund Burke and David Hume, not to mention Dr. Johnson himself, was one of many mistaken estimates by that otherwise delightful essayist. The mere fact that Boswell was admitted into the circle presided over by Dr. Johnson would be sufficient proof that there something was in him meriting a deeper consideration than often seemed warranted by his many odd and not always pleasing characteristics. Coxcomb and bore that he was always pushing himself forward, prying into other people's affairs, curious and garrulous, he was withal so good-natured, so jovial, so witty, that his society was enjoyed even by those who despised him.

He was indeed a man of a most contradictory nature, whose every fault was offset by a virtue. Though conscious of his failings and repentant of his misdeeds, he had not the moral strength to rise superior to them. According to his own words, he was "utterly wanting in solidity and force of mind."

The flagrancy of his faults was equalled only by his never-ending delight in blazoning them. Not the least of these failings was his intemperance, a vice with which he had a lifelong struggle. He was always ready to reform at the urgent solicitations of friends, but only to lapse into his former condition at the first opportunity. Having once made a vow not to drink for one year, and having broken it soon after, he wrote: "I unwarily exceeded my bottle of old hock; and having once broke over the pale I run wild; but I did not get drunk. I was, however, intoxicated, and very ill next day."

Fickle and faithless as he was to his wife while she lived, he seemed to feel genuine sorrow at her death. He mourned all the rest of his life, never more tearfully than when in his cups; but this sorrow did not keep him from cherishing matrimonial designs. Looking around for a suitable object on which to center his affections, he heard of a certain young lady who read prayers every Sunday night to her father's servants. "Let me see such a woman!" cried Boswell with his usual impulsiveness. He saw her, but she did not become Mrs. Boswell.

Servility toward those of noble birth and high office was a trait that remained with him even after he had attained success in literature. A seat in Parliament was his lifelong ambition. Such an exaggerated estimate did he set upon his parliamentary abilities, that at the age of fifty, when his reputation as a biographer was already assured, he could write to his friend Temple: "It is utter folly in Pitt not to reward and attach to his administration a man of my popular and pleasing talents."

One form of his vanity sprang from his connection with the line of Bruce, a circumstance that he never wearied of relating upon all occasions. This weakness was partially counterbalanced by a *naïve* frankness in confessing it. Speaking of his descent, he says, "Of such ancestry who would not be proud? And as '*nihil est, nisi hoc sciat alter*' is particularly true of genealogy, who would not be glad to seize a fair opportunity of letting it be known?"

Being a man of cultured literary taste, genius inspired in him almost greater veneration than high birth. Boswell had long had feelings of the most profound respect and awe for Dr. Johnson, as he knew him from his writings. He tells somewhere how he was thrilled when reading the ponderous sentences of the "Rambler"; and referring to Johnson's "Dictionary," he remarks that "the perspicuity with which

he has expressed scientific principles" had always struck him with particular admiration, quoting in illustration: "When the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed, of senses in their own nature collateral?"

May 16, 1763, marked the great crisis in the life of Boswell. On this day he met Dr. Johnson. This meeting was the result of a long-planned scheme on the part of the younger man, but when at last its realization had come, he had not a few misgivings as to his reception by a man whose hatred of the Scotch was proverbial. His first words were, "Mr. Johnson, I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." From this time on he stuck to Johnson like a "burr," as Goldsmith called him.

That Johnson had a real affection for the gay and frivolous Boswell is clearly shown by his letters to him. "My regard for you is so radicated and fixed that it is become part of my mind, and cannot be effaced but by some cause uncommonly violent;" "there are few people to whom I take so much as to you," and other similar expressions of friendship, are found in Johnson's correspondence.

A more ill-matched pair could hardly be imagined. Boswell was a Scotchman, and Johnson hated the nation; Boswell was forever questioning, and Johnson hated to be questioned; Boswell was a wine drinker, and Johnson as a rule drank water. Yet in spite of these incongruities of opinion, and in spite of more vital differences of character, their friendship is as famous in the history of literature as that of Horace and Virgil, or of Goethe and Schiller.

Long before meeting Dr. Johnson, Boswell had written in the preface to his work on Corsica that he had "an ardent ambition for literary fame, a hope of being remembered after death." How transient his fame would have been had he not met Dr. Johnson, may be judged by the utter oblivion into which this first work has fallen.

Immediately after meeting Dr. Johnson he began collecting material for his biography, and his labors with this end in view never ceased until Johnson's death. His method is graphically described by Madame D'Arblay: "The moment that voice burst forth, the attention it excited in Mr. Boswell amounted almost to pain. His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the shoulder of the doctor, and his mouth dropped down to catch every syllable that was uttered; nay, he seemed not only to dread losing a word, but to be anxious not to miss a breathing, as if hoping from it latently or mysteriously some information."

His method was not accidental or fortuitous, but the result of mature deliberation. He believed that a biography could be written only by one who lived in direct social intercourse with his subject. The wisdom of his plan is proved by the success of his work. Before its completion he wrote to Temple: "I am absolutely certain that my mode of biography, which gives not only a history of Johnson's visible progress through the world and of his publications, but a view of his mind in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a "Life" than any work that has ever yet appeared."

Whatever his faults, he was preëminently a man of truth. While he no doubt polished up some of the sayings of his idol, they were yet substantially as Johnson had uttered them. Boswell's peculiar art lay in the felicitous presentation of conversations as real as they were often dramatic. When his work was ready for publication he could have said as Johnson did of his dictionary, "Yes, sir, I knew very well what I was undertaking—and very well how to do it—and have done it very well."

—*Harry Christian Schweikert.*

## A WHITE ROSE

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### A STORY OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE

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It was St. Bartholomew's Eve, that terrible night of massacre and carnage; that night in which the best blood of France was spilt, aye, which crippled a nation, and left a stain that all the ravages of time cannot wipe out.

All through the great city the houses were lighted with unusual brilliancy, and even the lights in the street lamps darted and flickered as if vying with each other to usher in the terrible night. The streets, however, so noisy and bustling during the day, seemed now to be hushed. Here might be seen the store-keepers returning for their nightly rest, and there the laborer trudging home for his well-earned supper. All was peace; yet it was the calm before the storm. A deadly and unquenchable fire was smouldering, and needed but a little fanning to make it burst forth in all its fury.

In one house two sisters were getting ready for a ball. The younger one, a sprightly maiden of sixteen, stood at the foot of the stair-case. She was dressed all in pink; in one hand she carried a bouquet of luxuriant roses while the other held the banister in a firm grasp, as she leaned forward.

"Aren't you ready yet, Louise?" she called, as she gazed into the lighted corridor above.

"No, I'm not," was the short reply.

Céleste looked at the clock. "It's nearly nine, Louise."

"Well, if you say anything more about it, I'll keep you longer yet," retorted the elder sister, who had just pricked her finger, a fact which did not add to her good nature.

Céleste sighed. Her own sweet nature was unused to ill-humor. "I wonder what makes her so cross," she murmured, as she picked up one of the roses which had fallen.



"Well, it isn't my fault," and she stepped into the drawing-room to await her sister's pleasure.

In a few minutes Louise came down. She was a tall, handsome woman, evidently some years older than Céleste, but without the latter's frank and open face. The younger sister was small and graceful. Unlike Louise, she was fair, with light, wavy hair, and cheeks that would baffle an artist's brush. Some would have called her beautiful, but if so, she was as unconscious as a little child.

"Now, I think we're ready," said Louise, as the door was opened for them to go out. In a minute they were seated in a carriage and rumbling away through the crowded city.

The ball was at the king's palace, and all the nobility, Catholics and Huguenots alike, had been invited. For the latter alone was it of great consequence, for it was the last festivity that they should enjoy. But they little realized their danger, for the king by this clever ruse of false cordiality had allayed any suspicion that might come into their minds.

Louise and Céleste De Montméran were daughters of one of His Majesty's chief advisers, a Catholic; but, unlike most of his sect, he was liberal in his views, and more than once had begged the young king to cease his relentless persecutions. Céleste shared her father's views, but Louise, who was engaged to one of the Huguenots' bitterest enemies, was therefore inclined to side with the latter. Her father being such an important official, she had been to many balls at the palace, but this was Céleste's first.

Margaret de Valois, daughter of the king, and wife of young Henry of Navarre, received the sisters as they entered. The orchestra was playing a waltz, and the floor was crowded with dancing couples. It was not long before a gentleman came up to dance with Louise, and she went off with him gaily, too selfish to care whether Céleste was

introduced or noticed. The younger sister found a seat in an out-of-the-way corner, and there she watched the dancing. The hostesses were too much occupied to notice her, but she was not unhappy, and watched with genuine pleasure the gay couples as they danced in and out of the great throng. Then the splendor of the palace caught her eye, and the glitter of the many lights almost dazzled her. It was all so new to her, and yet so interesting.

So engrossed was she, that she failed to hear a step behind her, and in a moment she was face to face with a tall and distinguished-looking gentleman.

"Alone, Mademoiselle?" he queried, as she smiled a recognition. "Shall we not take a look about the hall?" and bowing politely, he offered her his arm.

Céleste was only too glad to accept. The new comer was the Count du Bernac, a young friend and protégé of her father, and a frequent visitor at the house; he was a Huguenot, but, notwithstanding this, in high favor at court.

"Here is a friend of mine I want you to meet, Mademoiselle," he said, as they reached the other end of the ball-room. "I know you will like him." At this he touched the elbow of a young man who, like Céleste, was standing engrossed in the dancing.

"Mademoiselle De Montméran, let me present Mr. Garland."

The gentleman turned around and bowed courteously. "He is an Englishman," continued the Count, "and I warrant you'll find him interesting." Then he excused himself.

"I have heard all about you, Mademoiselle," began the stranger, "and you are just as fair and lovely as Louis said," and he laughed lightly.

But Céleste did not laugh. With flushed cheeks she looked at him and met his eye. "Do you think so?" she asked.

Alan Garland quailed before her honest face. Her simple innocence touched him, and he regretted his foolish flattery. "She is not like the others," he thought. Then he said aloud, "Indeed I do not think so, Mademoiselle; but shall we not join the quadrille? They have just begun to play."

Céleste gladly assented, and danced so gracefully that more than a dozen gentlemen asked to be presented to "la petite mademoiselle." But of all her partners the young Englishman was highest in her favor; he was so handsome, so gentlemanly and above all, so interesting. Louis was indeed right about that.

Toward the close of the ball Alan Garland sought her once more. She was sitting alone near one of the windows, for it was a sultry summer night, and it was warm dancing. The Englishman stepped up so softly that she was quite taken by surprise.

"Just a half hour more to enjoy my new acquaintance," he said as he seated himself beside her, and she could in no wise doubt the sincerity of his words.

"You haven't told me anything of your country and yourself," she replied. "Tell me about England."

Then he gladly told her all about his fatherland, relating many stories and adventures, for he had traveled a great deal. So interested was his listener that she forgot the dancing, forgot even where they were. At last the conversation turned to the Huguenots, and although the Englishman was a Protestant, and Céleste a Catholic, they agreed perfectly regarding the persecutions.

"I wonder that you dare come to Paris in these perilous times," Céleste said, as one topic led to another.

"Oh, I like risks, Mademoiselle. I'm never so happy as when I'm in danger."

"Oh, don't say that," she answered reproachfully. "You ought not."

"Why?"

"Because," she replied, "your life is not yours, to risk and throw away at will. It is in God's hands, and you should not tempt Providence."

Alan smiled; her earnestness touched him. "Eh bien, Mademoiselle, I see I am in the wrong. But it is late," he added, "and I must go. I need not, cannot tell you how much I've enjoyed this new acquaintance—friendship I hope I may say."

Céleste's cheeks reddened. "I've enjoyed it too," she said simply.

"But I shall see you again, surely," he continued, "and now suppose we exchange roses—just as a token of friendship, you know," and he took from his coat a white rose and handed it to her. In return Céleste gave him her prettiest pink one. Then bowing a farewell, the Englishman took his leave. As he walked away it seemed to him that he had never met anyone so lovely. Her very unaffectedness and sweet innocence charmed him, at one moment a woman, the next almost a child in her simplicity; she was different from anyone he had ever seen before.

Céleste, meanwhile, was looking for Louise. After some searching she found her talking to her *fiancé*. Without meaning to hear anything they said, Céleste caught the words, "when the tocsin rings," and "kill them all." What could it mean? Sitting down in a chair near by, she tried to think. Suddenly the Huguenots came into her mind, and she shuddered at the thought. Was a new massacre on foot?

But Louise broke in upon her thoughts. "Come, Céleste," she said, "we must go," and the younger sister rose to follow her. All the time she held the white rose clasped tight in her hand. "How kind he was," she thought. Then they passed out, just as the little clock of St. Germain struck two.

When the sisters returned home, a light luncheon was served them. Both sat for a long time wrapt in deep thought, Louise perhaps enjoying the remembrance of her popularity and attention; but Céleste was thinking only of her new friend. She still clasped the white rose in her hand, and as she looked at it, it seemed as if she saw its donor mirrored among the petals. But suddenly came into her mind the words that she had overheard at the ball, driving away her silent rapture. Turning to her sister, she resolved to know the truth.

"Louise," she said, "what did you and Bertrand mean by 'when the tocsin rings,' and 'kill them all?'"

Louise recoiled, so sudden and unexpected was the question. "How did you come to hear?" she asked sharply.

"But I couldn't help it, you were talking so loud. Oh, Louise, was it the Huguenots? God knows I'm a good Catholic, but it is not right to persecute them so."

"Well, since you know so much about it, I might as well tell you that it *is* the Huguenots. They are all to be massacred when the tocsin rings at three."

"Oh Louise," Celeste cried, her heart filled with grief and horror. "Must they all die just because they worship God in a different way!"

"Well, I'm not going to argue against your foolish notions," Louise retorted, and left the room.

Celeste had risen in her excitement, but now she sank into a chair. It seemed as if all her strength had been taken away by the terrible news. Then she glanced at the white rose, and quick as a flash it occurred to her that the young Englishman was a Protestant, and so would die with the rest. As the thought came to her that she would never see him again, she realized for the first time how much he was to her. Dazed, she staggered to her feet. A mist seemed to gather before her eyes, but as if penetrating this by force of will she looked at the clock. *It was ten minutes of three!*

She clutched the chair in horror. "Only ten minutes," she gasped. Then the mist came again before her eyes, and it seemed as if great weights were holding her feet. "Oh, I must save him," she cried, and with a frantic effort she sprang to the door.

In the hall she stopped, and leaning against the wall to steady herself, tried to collect her thoughts. He was visiting the du Bernacs, and yes, she knew the house. But when she thought of her undertaking it seemed impossible to her, and yet she realized that on her decision depended a human life, more than that—the life of her lover. She had but to glance at the white rose in her hand and her mind was made up. Running up stairs to her room she seized her cloak, stopping only to press the white rose passionately to her lips.

As she descended the stairs she heard something that sent a chill to her very soul, and made her stop short with horror. The tocsin was ringing its knell of death. Sinking back in terror against the wall, she would have fallen, but the thought of her lover, perishing if she failed, made her recover her failing senses. Lingered only for a short prayer, she dashed down the stairs and out of the house. "May God give me strength," she cried, as again she clutched the white rose passionately in her hand.

It was about a mile to the du Bernacs, and at another time Céleste would have shrunk from such a walk, alone, at night, but now there was but one thought in her mind—she must save *him*.

Looking about she saw several men with crosses on their arms, so she tore her handkerchief in two and pinned it on her sleeve in the form of a cross. Already a crowd was gathering, and the cry of "Death to the Huguenots!" was raised at every corner. At times the mob was so great that she could hardly get through. Some even, seeing her evening dress, challenged and insulted her, but she braved them all and rushed on.

Soon she beheld the massacre at its height. The poor Huguenots were hunted down like dogs, and slain without mercy. Sometimes it seemed as if she could go no further, but with a desperate effort she rushed on. The cries of the murderers, mingled with the groans of the dying, were deafening to her ears; and all the while the steady tolling of the tocsin added to the horror of the scene. Would she be in time? was her thought. Summoning all her strength, she ran faster, and gradually left the loitering crowds behind.

Panting, gasping, more dead than alive, she reached her lover's door, just as the surging mob was coming in sight. She hardly knew what to do then, but in the faint light from a lamp over the door she espied a small white cross on the panel. "That must mark him out for death," she thought, and with her skirt she rubbed it off. Then, as if he must know what she had done for him, she left the white rose on the door-step. "I have saved him," she cried, and with relief in her heart she turned away. How she got home she could never afterward tell. Sometimes walking, sometimes running, sometimes borne along by the crowd, she reached her home, only to fall fainting in her sister's arms.

\* \* \* \*

Next morning Alan Garland awoke early. He had been dreaming of a little mademoiselle whom he dearly loved, yet his dreams had been troubled and he woke feeling that something terrible had happened. Rising and going to the window, he beheld the streets covered with the murdered Huguenots. "They have done their worst," he said bitterly. Then a sudden thought came to him. "But how did I escape?" he exclaimed. "I can't understand that."

Dressing rapidly, he descended the stairs and looked out. There on the step before the door lay a withered white rose. Then he understood.

*—Thad Weed Riker.*



## THRENODY

When at Time's whim, toward his unchanging art  
My futile ponderings perforce are bent,  
Lo, all my hopes of solace but half spent  
In cloistered bowers, my troubled mind depart;  
And surging Memory, mistress of my heart,  
Shatters sweet recollections of content  
In by-gone days, when life was innocent,  
Before my unlash'd soul began to smart.

Ah, Love, those other days, when you and I  
With love-locked hands went wandering down the sand,  
We little thought that misty-mantled Fate  
Would soon enthrall us, mingling kiss with sigh,  
Would soon with gesture, grave and sad, demand  
Youth's fairest guerdons, then inviolate.

—*Raymond Boileau Mixsell*

## A WALK ACROSS THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

"Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner."

—*Hazlitt.*

At the hotel in Albany I arrayed myself in walking costume, and sallied forth in search of a grocery,—but I never found it. After I had passed a dozen people who turned and stared at me with a half-curious, half-amused expression, I felt my cheeks become a brilliant scarlet; and like an actor in a stage fright. I scrambled aboard the first car I saw. Here I recovered my composure somewhat, as we glided along a little canal with an old house sitting Holland-wise on its banks, past the military arsenal where the soldiers were at work on the lawn, across the Hudson now dwindled to a black, sluggish stream, through the sister city of Troy, and on to the country beyond.



When we reached the end of the line I strapped on my knapsack, and in cheerful mood set off along the dusty highway.

After a light lunch in a little grove at the roadside, I lighted my pipe and set off for Pittstown Corners six or eight miles away. The sun was hot, and the way still heavy through the deep sand; but already the farm-houses were noticeably farther apart, and they had lost the pretentious air of finery. At one of these houses—a poor, tumbled-down, weather-stained place—I asked of a shaggy-bearded, black-browed fellow who sat on its doorstep, the distance to Pittstown Corners. My question was more from curiosity to hear him talk than the desire to gain information, and I was surprised to learn from his look of embarrassment, almost of fright, and his shaking his head, that he was deaf and dumb. It seemed pitiable that one should be silent in the spring-time, especially here in the country where everything seemed to be singing.

Toward evening, when the sun sank in the west and a cooling breeze now and then rustled the leaves overhead, the road began to find the looked-for hills; and straight over them it went, as if, like Alexander of old, it scorned to take the easier way around obstacles. About nightfall I reached the little village toward which I had been walking, and found lodging with the kind-hearted, hospitable village schoolmaster, since there was no hotel in the town. We were talking of the best way to cross the mountains, when he called in a one-time Vermonter to ask his advice. During our conversation the old fellow said that he was going over to Hoosick Falls the next morning, and invited me to ride the ten miles in his wagon with him.

After an early breakfast we set out, he talking much and I riding in silence by his side, only now and then giving assent or dissent to some estimate of city life, pessimistic or otherwise as the wagon jolted. Presently I asked

him of the life among the hills, and tried to turn the current of our conversation into channels more familiar to him. And by degrees I succeeded. Once or twice he fixed his small eyes upon me and held his white beard in his hand as if he were puzzled to know whether my interest was real or feigned; but one could not fail to be enthusiastic on such a morning, and apparently he was satisfied. There was even a trace of childlike sentiment in the old fellow, as he spoke of his desire to visit again his boyhood home, which was only twenty miles or so away.

I asked him about the schoolmaster with whom I had spent the night.

"He knows purty smart, I can tell you," he answered, "why he can read Latin just as easy as you please. But," he added in confidential tone, he likes liquor too much—that's ruint him."

"It ruins a good many." I remarked sagely.

As we mounted the crest of a high ridge, he pointed out the first settlement that had been made in the country, below us in the hollow of the hills. "They chose that as the place for their settlement so as to defend themselves better against the Indians. And yonder," pointing to a spot where the bank dropped abruptly to the rocks twenty feet below "a man fell from his wagon and was killed. There is the stone, which the folks about here put up for him." And as he rambled on, telling me of these local happenings and his life history, I thought how characteristic of these simple folk it is to tell every stranger their fortunes and misfortunes, but never their hopes and aspirations. At Hoosick I left my bent, weather-stained companion of an hour. When we said good-by, although he had talked so freely on the way over his customary hardness of manner came back stronger than I had seen it on the evening before, as if he were ashamed of the good humour he had shown.

I set out with a light heart, and when I passed a gang

of men working on the road a few miles beyond, they rested on their hoes, wondering at this dust-covered individual who was climbing the hill with such a care-free step. But one gets hardened to inquisitive glances after a few days' walking; men, women and round-faced children, chickens, watch-dogs and soft-eyed cows, all stop their occupations, and running to door or fence, gaze at the queerly-dressed foreigner among them. One thinks a hundred times of the old quatrain,

" The people stare as we pass by  
As at creatures fallen from the sky ;  
For in this great Amerikee  
A walker is a noveltie."

Presently I began my first climb into the Green Mountain country, a region full of romantic interest. Amid these peaceful, tranquil mountains great tragedies were enacted many years ago. Here in their rugged fastness the sturdy old settlers defied the Governor of New York, who tried to wrest from them the lands they had won from the forest by their toil and labor. Among these hills French and his little band of followers were taken by treachery in the court-house of Westminster, and French himself foully slain. Here also lived Ethan Allen, the sturdy old patriot, the swashbuckling hero, the terror of King George's ministers, who when Kemp, the King's Attorney-General, intimated that might often prevails against right coolly replied, "The gods of the valley are not the gods of the hills," and invited him down to Bennington to find the interpretation. This village was the center of these old land-grant disputes, and later the scene of the famous battle in which Molly Stark's widowhood was foretold, the British pride trampled in the dust, and the contempt of the haughty Burgoyne turned to dismay. And the church itself was of no little interest. Here, after the fall of Ticonderoga, a Rev. Mr. Dewey was preaching a sermon of thanksgiving before

Ethan Allen and some of his men. In his prayer the minister poured forth with much fervor thanks to the Lord for delivering this important stronghold in the hands of a people struggling for independence. But Allen was displeased, and as the preacher continued in this strain of thanksgiving, the bluff old patriot cried out "Parson Dewey!" The minister giving no heed to the interruption, Allen exclaimed still louder, "Parson Dewey!" But as the clergyman continued praying, Allen sprang to his feet, and roared out in a voice of thunder, "Parson Dewey!" The minister opened his eyes and gazed with astonishment at Allen, who then said with great force, "Parson Dewey, please make mention of *my* being there!"

I lingered long in the old Churchyard at Bennington. Here one might see many slabs erected a century and a half ago, and read many an epitaph imploring peace for the sleeper, and expressing the sorrow of those remaining, who too have long since joined those they mourned. Near the gate a stone raised to the memory of Captain Samuel Robinson tells that he, being a soldier in His Majesty's service, returning from the war against the French in Canada, lost his way and mistook the Walloom-scoik for the Hoosic river; and impressed with the charm of the surrounding country, requested a grant from His Majesty to found a settlement there; that this was given him, and he laid out the village and invited settlers in 1767; that later he represented the colony of New Hampshire before His Majesty in London, when that colony was suffering most grievous wrong at the hands of New York; and that this eminent soldier and gentleman died in London before the war of the Revolution. There also stands a monument commemorating the patriots who fell in the battle of Bennington; and also the Hessians, whose graves make you think them giants, for they were buried with their high hats on. Coming out of the churchyard I

noticed a bronze catamount on a stone a few yards below me. He was a snarling, vicious-looking beast just crouching to spring. Drawing nearer, I learned that the stone stands on the spot where years ago the sign-post of the Catamount Tavern stood, surmounted by a stuffed catamount instead of a bronze one. On this sign-post the villagers once hoisted a belligerent Dr. Adams, who declared himself a partisan of New York during the land-grant trouble, and left him there for two hours, to the great delight of the village urchins. After this ludicrous misadventure the old Doctor took no further part in the discussion of New York's rights.

At Woodford I spent the night, and after a light breakfast set out for Wilmington. The sun was just growing bright, and I felt an exhilaration, almost an excess of vitality, as I walked along. The heavy dew sparkled on the leaves and underbrush, the thrushes sang and the sparrows chirped from beside the road. The country was mountainous and wild, and the air fragrant with the perfume of the honeysuckle. The cedar birds flitted in the spruce trees, and now and then a woodchuck, startled in the road, vanished silently among the bushes. Along the winding road, on the top of the mountain, I walked with a light heart. For miles I saw no one, or even a house.

About noon I began to descend the hogback range, and at long intervals now I came upon a mountain farm. At a neatly painted, well-kept farm-house I stopped to ask the owner whether I was right for Wilmington.

"Yes," he said, and then pointing to the mountain ahead continued, "And that's old Haystack," and he repeated the word meditatively two or three times, "And yonder's old Stratton. That's where Webster spoke for General Jackson in 1864."

At Wilmington I found a good little mountain hotel, and, best of all, supper just ready. I was hungry, and

surely never was there quite such a supper as there was there on the mountain side that June evening. Later I strolled out through the darkness down to the river, where I lay at ease for an hour, in idle thought, enjoying that glorious sensation of peace and laziness.

Morning broke grey and rainy, and I thought I was in for a day of it, but when breakfast had been finished the rain had ceased, though the clouds were heavy and threatening.

On my way out of the village I fell in with a young fellow of twenty or thereabouts, and we chatted as we walked along. After about five minutes' conversation with him I could have written in sketchy lines his biography. The only son of a widowed mother, he ran the farm for her. This was his life; but the one great event in it, the proud experience of his youth, was the six months spent driving a baker's wagon in New York. The song of the great city had rung in his ears, and though duty bade him stay at home, his eyes turned longingly toward its gleaming lights.

The sun came out bright and warm after a couple of hours' walking, and I trudged on till it began to seem that I should never reach the top of the mountain. But after awhile the summit was passed and I began my descent to the Connecticut. Late in the afternoon I came upon an open stretch on the side of the hill, where might be seen Round Mountain and many others known by such local appellations as Bear's Hill, Johnson's Mountain, and so on, because on one a bear had been shot, and another contained a large pasture belonging to an unknown "Johnson." Here for the first time I caught sight of Monadnock, which marked my journey's end. As I gazed at "the solitary one," lofty, grand and changeless, there came to me those lines of Arnold's:

" Ah, quiet, all things feel thy balm !  
Those blue hills too, this river's flow,  
Were restless once, but long ago.  
Tamed in their turbulent, youthful glow ;  
Their joy is in their calm."

—*McQueen Salley Wightman.*

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### THE WORLD'S REWARD

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It was Christmas Eve. The long rows of street lamps attempted in vain to pierce the thick fog that hung over the city. The brilliantly lighted shops somewhat dispelled the gloom along the sidewalks and lighted up the faces of the crowds of people, hurrying this way or that. It was Christmas Eve, and every one seemed to have caught the glad Christmas spirit. Never before were pennies so plentiful for the shivering little street urchins begging for their share in the general good cheer. Even the hackmen and carriers seemed to feel it and hallooed to each other cheerily through the darkness as they sought to pass one another in the gloom of the street. It was Christmas Eve, and from the belfry of the old cathedral pealed the Christmas chimes. People lingered on the corners or stopped to listen as peal after peal rang out through the dark sky. They seemed telling once more their grand old message of peace and joy, and it was with even lighter hearts that the people passed on again when the last echo had died away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again the solemn music of the chimes floated over the city, but it was later now. The crowds were gone and the streets were almost deserted. A young man came out of the great publishing-house on the corner of two of the busy



thoroughfares. The building was brilliantly lighted even at this hour, and the youth shivered as he came out, for he was poorly dressed, the wind was coming down the street in sharp blasts now, and it was raining. He hesitated a moment and then turned into one of the avenues leading through the richer quarters of the city. He could hear sounds of merriment and the happy ring of children's voices as he picked his way shivering through the fog. In one house the curtains were up and he stopped a moment to look in. He could remember scenes like this not so very long ago, and when he went on again it was harder still for him to see his way for the tears that were blinding him.

\* \* \* \* \*

He turned into a dark street near the river, and entered a dismal house whose blank windows gave no sign of life. Up a dark flight of stairs he climbed through the gloom. He paused a moment at the top and laid his hand on the knob of the door of a back room as if to enter, but a roar of drunken laughter and a volley of oaths from within deterred him. Here was Christmas cheer which he might share, but he turned away with a sickened expression on his face, and passed on to a little garret room above. It was a bare room scarce larger than a closet. How cold it was! Several of the panes of the little window were broken, and the last spark had long ago died out of the pile of ashes in the wretched grate. A table and a broken chair stood near the window and a few cheap prints hung on the walls. There was but one picture in the room, and that stood on the table beside some other little treasures. The young man stepped across and picked it up. He gazed at it lovingly for a moment and a new light seemed to come into his face. He placed it in the inner pocket of his coat and buttoned it up tightly. Then, with a sudden movement, he opened the little drawer of the table and



slowly drew out a bundle of papers covered with writing. Stepping to the grate he threw them in and lit them with a match. As the bright flame leaped up he covered his face with his hands, and when the last sheet had become ashes he turned and went slowly out of the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was near midnight as a solitary figure stood on the old stone bridge over the river. It had stopped raining now, and the moon was trying to break through the fog and the dark masses of black cloud driven by the wind across the stormy sky. It was very cold, but the figure on the bridge seemed to have forgotten it. He was thinking. The ghostly piles of buildings on either shore were very interesting, and the river beneath him,—how fascinating it looked, rolling on and on down to the sea. It must sweep by what had been his home, he thought, and a train of images grew up in his mind and assumed real shapes. He saw the little farm by the river, and the pleasant sweep of field and woodland about it. Then he saw the old house and the face that had always been there to welcome him, but should never greet him again. Oh, that face! He felt to see if the picture was in his pocket.

He seemed floating farther down the river now, and drifting toward the sea. The motion of the water soothed him, and he felt as if he were falling into a deep slumber. And now he seemed to leave the river and to be sailing over the broad sea. There was a figure waiting for him on the further shore, and he wondered if he should ever reach it. Suddenly he felt himself sinking, and the vague terror flashed upon him that he should never gain that wished-for strand. Down, down he sank, and now he heard the roar of the water in his ears and felt the icy foam against his face, and then all was darkness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The moon broke through the clouds and silvered with

her beams the old bridge and the river, and the sleeping city; and the grand cathedral chimes pealed the hour of midnight, welcoming in the happy Christmas morn with its tidings of "Peace on earth; good will toward men."

—Charles Ames Brooks.

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### THE BEARER OF EVIL TIDINGS

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(A PASTEL)

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On the marble top of a palace a woman reclined on a couch which was decked with the spoils of plundered cities.

Her head was circled with a band of virgin gold, the royal asp rising in front, and her body was clothed in brilliant glowing silks that set off her dark skin and wonderful eyes. Around the slender waist was a heavy girdle of precious square cut stones, and on her breast flamed a single gigantic ruby.

She lay crouching, her elbows on the skin of a spotted leopard, and her delicate foot beating the couch nervously.

At times her eyes grew misty and dark with a sweet look of love and passion, and again they flashed with impatience.

The hot sun beat down on the scarlet awning above her head, the air lay like a weight on the earth, and no sound broke the silence save the breathing of the woman and the swish of a great fan wielded by the hands of a Nubian.

Suddenly there was a cry in the distance, and the hurrying of sandaled feet on the stairway.

\* \* \* \* \*

Before the couch lay the form of a headless slave, his hands stretched out as if in entreaty.

The white marble of the roof was spattered with blood, and a drop even blinked on the delicate arched instep of the woman, who lay with the carved stillness of a lioness about to spring, her terrible eyes fixed on the corpse with a look of black gloom, and the passionate lips drawn back over the white clenched teeth.

A haze in the distance quivered through the heat-waves, and a solitary swallow cut the blue of the pitiless Egyptian sky.

—*Elmer Brown Mason.*

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### THE SONGS OF DR. THOMAS CAMPION

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It is a July night in the London of good Queen Bess, and we are drifting down the Thames in the barge that we have just taken at the Blackfriars stairs. A soft wind blows up the river, making little ripples that plash on our prow, and a full moon shines brightly in a cloudless heaven. Those woods on the other side, glittering with lights, are the Paris Gardens; and there is the Bridge below us, its side lined with shops. You can hear the rumbling of the coach-wheels and the trampling of horses on its wooden planks. The massive, square building below the bridge on the left bank, which casts such a black reflection on the water—that is the Tower.

The sound of a song comes across the water from another boat. It is a baritone voice, rich, full and throbbing with pathos; and as it rises and falls we can catch each word distinctly:

"Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!  
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!  
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,  
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:  
But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,  
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return again."

There is a brief silence, and then the second stanza:

"All that I sung still to her praise did tend;  
Still she was first; still she my songs did end:  
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,  
The music that her Echo is and beauty's sympathy.  
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!  
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight."

The boat with the singer soon disappears around a bend, but the song remains with us.

The author was Dr. Thomas Campion, a man whose name in his own day was coupled by many with those of Fletcher and Spenser; his songs were on the lips of all London, and his fame rested, indeed, on his abilities alike as a physician, a critic, a musician and a poet. How well known were his airs and how extensive was their popularity is shown by the fact that Beaumont and Fletcher, in their "Knight of the Burning Pestle," a burlesque upon the plays and songs most in favor with the Elizabethan people, quoted from the song beginning, "My love hath sworn he will forsake me." While it is true that other contemporary song-writers enjoyed a like popularity, they nevertheless lacked the imaginative quality which was so marked in Campion, and which is so essential a feature of the true poet. The following song is particularly notable for its graceful delicacy of fancy:

"When thou must home to shades of underground,  
And there arrived, a new admired guest,  
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,  
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,  
To hear the stories of thy finished love  
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,  
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,  
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,  
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:  
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,  
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me."

No less pleasing is the tuneful, rhythmic verse, with which Campion clothed his imagery. The many years spent as a professional musician trained his appreciation of harmony and smoothness, and thus had a material influence in aiding him to write in melodious, flowing metre. While the airs are surprisingly varied in metrical form, a musical quality of high standard is present in them all. These lines suggest the even glide of the author's bow over the string of his viol:

"Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's  
Silent music, either other  
Sweetly gracing."

But if the chords which he drew from his instrument were true, no less so were the deeper chords of his thought, for there was a genuineness in Campion which pervaded every line that he wrote. Extravagant in expression he undoubtedly was, like the other writers of his period; but he only voiced the exuberance of feeling natural to a nation that rejoiced in the splendid strength of its youth. And although his spirits now and then overflowed in hyperbole and fantasticalities, we know that beneath it all is a basis of sincerity. Pope and his school were extravagant also; but with them it was the mere tinsel that sought by the brightness of its glitter to atone for the utter absence of emotion. Contrast the cold exaggeration of these lines from Pope's "Eloisa to Abelard,"

"Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,  
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;  
No happier task these faded eyes pursue:  
To read and weep is all they now can do."

contrast this with the intense reality of feeling in:

"Leave prolonging my distress!  
All delays afflict the dying.  
Many lost sighs long I spent, to her for mercy crying;  
But now, vain mourning, cease!  
I'll die, and mine own griefs release."

There is another feature of Campion's airs that increases their charm a hundred-fold, yet which we must lose in the reading. For on the title-page are the words, "To be sung to the Lute and Viol." We read the lyrics of Sappho, and feel the throb of their passion; but they would appeal to us with a far greater effect, had we sat on the marble seats in the palace at Lesbos, and heard the great poetess sing them to the accompaniment of her silver harp. The ballad would possess a new meaning had we listened to the troubadour Raimbaut, as with the soft music of his violin he poured forth his love to Beatriz at her Castle in the Vale. But although we cannot hear the music, the airs have a fresh interest as we wonder who sang them. Perhaps Raleigh, as he looked beyond his cell to the unknown so near at hand, thoughtfully hummed the lines:

"All earthly pomp or beauty to express  
Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write;  
Celestial things, though men conceive them less,  
Yet fullest are they in themselves of light."

In regard to the setting of his poems to music, Campion writes: "I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together." How well he succeeded is witnessed by these lines of John Davies, an able critic of Campion's day:

"Never did lyrics \* \* \* \* \*  
So purely hit the moods and various veins  
Of music and her hearers as do these."

While Campion contented himself, for the most part, with writing songs, there was a deeper side to his nature

that expressed itself in hymns of remarkable beauty and fervor. The granite faith of Browning is in these lines, that form a sure foundation on which to build the lighter minarets of his love-fancies:

"Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,  
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,  
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast.  
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!"

And with this faith, he displayed a cheerful, optimistic view of life that is the more worthy of mention because it is absent from the works of many of the best lyrists. Byron, Shelley, and Swinburne, all were aglow with Sapphic fire, but in all there is a pessimism and a doubt that sadden their gayest moments and rob the reader of a complete enjoyment. "Sweet Master Campion," as everyone called him, looked on life as Moses regarded Canaan from the heights of Mount Pisgah—as a land of promise to be desired, even though the children of Anak dwelt there.

In comparing Campion with other lyrists we must remember that he did not attempt the more serious and more literary forms of verse, but that he was simply a song-writer with whom the words possessed value only as they expressed the thought and feeling of the music. He attached literary importance alone to his Latin epigrams and imitations of classical metres, and spoke lightly of the songs as "composed partly at the request of friends, partly for my own recreation." But his lyrics were better than he knew, and "yield a sweetness and content both to the ear and mind."

—Charles Spencer Richardson.



### THE OPTIMIST

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The air is still ; gray seamless clouds enfold  
The sere brown fields, while Earth grows numb with cold,  
And not a sound is in the expectant air  
As the first scattered flakes drift by, save where

The chickadee

Seeks, glad at heart, for Winter's scanty fare.

And when the gale to swirling storm-wraiths rends  
The snow that ceaseless hurrying descends,  
The dauntless little bird in black and gray,  
Clinging to his short life as best he may,

Sings at his work,

A cheery optimist, though rough the day.

— *Samuel Duff McCoy.*

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### A LADY'S RIBBON

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There he sat in front of his cheerful hearth, puffing away at his long, Dutch pipe, and sipping his mug of new-brewed ale,—old Judge Wilson, gray haired, feeble, and already past his three score years and ten. It was Christmas eve, a long time ago, in the thirties or thereabouts. The noise and clamor of the swarm of children and grandchildren failed to disturb the old gentlemen. He heeded them not, but keeping his gaze fixed upon the blazing logs, puffed away at his pipe.

The old Judge was a Princeton man of the class of 1769, and in those last years of his life his greatest pleasure consisted in telling stories of the days when he and President Madison were chums at the old New Jersey college. Plainly, the old gentleman was reminiscencing now, and as no Christmas celebration had ever passed without a story from the Judge, his host of relatives and friends had good reasons for expecting an exceptional treat.



The pipe ceased to draw, and upon examination the Judge found that it was out. So, removing the ashes, and calling for another tankard of ale, he sank back in his chair and was ready for his story.

"Hey, Grandad, have you woke up?" shouted a little curly-headed urchin ten years of age. "You're going to tell us a story now, ain't you?"

"Well, my boy, do you think you can keep quiet long enough for me to tell something which may not, perhaps, interest you so much as the others?"

The Judge laughed, and placing the boy upon his knee, gathered the company around his chair.

'It was Christmas eve, over sixty years ago. I was a senior at college, and a young gentleman from Virginia was my room-mate. George Randolph was his name, a fine young fellow—killed at Yorktown, you remember—brave as a lion, honest, a perfect gentleman, and a man whose word was his bond. That night Mr. Richard Stockton gave a party at his house; and among the guests were the professors, a brilliant assemblage of young ladies, and as many students as had been honored with an invitation. The Captain and I were among this number.

After supper, which you may be sure was a right merry affair, George and I pushed our way through a blinding snow-storm, and entered the house of Mr. Stockton. "Morven" he called it, and a charming old place it was, elegantly furnished with pictures and art treasures that had come from England and France.

Our host welcomed us warmly with open arms, slapped us upon the back, and sent us off to join the young people in the Christmas sports. Miss Mary Worth was there, a beautiful girl with large, black eyes, raven hair, and olive-tinted cheeks. Randolph loved her. We all knew it, but dared not speak of it—much less make it a subject for jest—because it was rumored, and with good reason, that she

was to be betrothed by her father to Mr. Sargeant, a young Latin tutor in the college.

The time passed very quickly. We played all the old games, danced, took turns in telling ghost stories, and ate sweets and pastries as fast as the servants supplied them. But we had no mistletoe: no, and we did not look for any so long as the Reverend Mr. Olden and Dr. Wither-spoon were present. But as I told you, George loved Miss Worth, and to his contorted senses a sprig of the mystic green seemed a necessity. Therefore, procuring a branch from the butler, he fastened it above a sofa in a far corner of the hall. There George led Miss Worth when the last minuet had been danced. He showed her the fatal twig, then seized her hands and kissed her. No sound escaped from the lips of the blushing girl, but confused and fearful of discovery, she turned aside her head. One person was in the room, only one.

Motionless as an image of stone, and as cold and inhuman, Sargeant confronted the light-hearted girl whom he hoped to wed. His face was hard and terrible as cold steel, but from his eyes flashed the uncontrollable fire of hate and jealousy that raged within his heart. Mary turned pale, but George, ignorant of everything and intoxicated with his love, filled the hall with a hearty ringing laugh, and stood before his victim,—a bold, hot-tempered boy from the South. Sargeant bowed and left the hall. Oh, yes, there was danger here, and Miss Worth, through that power of intuitive perception which belongs to her sex, understood it well.

"You may lead me, Sir, into the drawing-room" she said, "and then you will leave me." Randolph, seeing that she was serious, thought it best to retire. But Mary was not angry; the danger that awaited this over-daring youth claimed her entire attention. To warn him she knew was vain and useless, but yet she felt that she must save him.

The guests began to leave, and I, ignorant of George's bold act, sought for Miss Worth to bid her good-bye. I found her in earnest conversation with George, but as this presently seemed to have turned upon a more fortunate theme, I did not hesitate to approach.

"But why then, Mr. Randolph, do you insist upon wearing this sword if you do not anticipate trouble!" I heard her ask.

"Oh, it is merely a fancy with me, merely a fancy. Does it displease you?" he replied with a smile.

"No, not if it is merely a part of your dress. Come, let me have it."

Mary took from her hair a piece of delicate blue ribbon, and passing it through a ring on the scabbard and around the hilt of the blade, tied it into a tight knot, thus leaving the sword fastened to its sheath. George followed her movements with an amused expression.

"That is very good of you, Miss Worth, but see what you have done," he said when she had finished.

"What, pray?"

"Rendered my good blade useless."

"But, I thought you did not use it?"

"Not unless there is occasion for it."

"Oh, then of course I must remove my ribbon."

"No, sweet lady, permit me to keep it there forever."

Mary blushed, but as suddenly turned pale.

"Will you promise to leave it there for at least two weeks, and under no circumstances to remove it?" She eagerly asked.

George, though surprised at this strange request, promptly replied "I will."

"Give me your hand. You promise this?" There was a quiver in her voice.

"Why, lady, I have told you."

"Then it is well. Go now, you must." With these words she dismissed us, and we left the house.

Neither George nor I had any intentions of returning home. He was in a state of mind far too hilarious for that, and I—well, I was eagerly looking forward to a riotous midnight carousal at the village inn. So we plodded our way through the snow, and entered the little one story log cabin, where old John Hallet sold his beers and ales.

While warming ourselves in front of a blazing wood fire, George and I were compelled to give a full account of the party, and not until this was done were we permitted to have any portion of the old inn-keeper's feast. And what a feast that was! A stuffed boar's head with a crest of rosemary, a roasted pig, pastries, sweetmeats, and a bowl of fine, old toddy weighed down the old pine table until it almost groaned. Here and there the walls were graced with twigs of holly and mistletoe, and up a huge, wide chimney roared and crackled a fire of well-dried logs, as if to out-do the howling of the winds. I remember everything so well. There we sat around the table, twenty or thirty of us, and as jovial a crowd of fellows as ever met upon a Christmas eve.

We were in the midst of a rollicking, boisterous song, pounding our tankards upon the table with a hearty determination, when suddenly a knock upon the door was heard. George jumped up and pulled it open with a yell. He and the Latin tutor were brought face to face. A silence as impressive as that which follows a roll of musketry ensued, when this black-cloaked individual was discovered to be a member of the faculty.

"A word with you," he said in a low, dry tone, keeping his eyes fixed upon George, and scorning the rest of us.

"Sir, I await your commands," he replied with a searching look.

"Yes? Well, we have need for but few words. You understand, do you not, that you are guilty of a villiany so outrageous that no gentleman of honor can let you pass with impunity? you understand this?"

"Sir, I fail to grasp your meaning."

"Then I will come more to the point. This night at Mr. Stockton's house you seized upon a helpless girl, and by brute force violated her modesty, with a most shameless act."

"That is a lie, I'll stake my life upon it" one of us cried.

"If you refer to Miss Worth, permit me to inform you that we were seated beneath a twig of mistletoe," and George trembled with rage.

"That is a coward's excuse. Come, draw." With these words the tutor threw off his cloak, and drawing his sword placed himself on guard.

George fell back a few steps, and reached for the blade at his side. It stuck fast. With an oath he tried to pull it out, but it would not come.

"Why, Randolph, you have it tied down with a ribbon."

"God!" was his only reply, and like a madman he searched the faces that formed a circle about him.

Then to his challenger: "Sir, we cannot fight to-night, it is Christmas eve."

"Why, then a right fitting gift you will be for the devil. Come, come."

"I will not fight," George gasped, and staggered towards the door. His behavior was a mystery to us all.

"Gentlemen," the tutor said, with a bitter smile, "you will bear me witness that the fellow there is both a villain and a coward. Your obligations to yourselves as gentlemen must be plain. I bid you good-night."

"One moment, Sir," spoke a young fellow who also wore a sword, "I resent this insult which you have cast upon a friend of mine, and I assume the responsibility of calling you to account. Mr. Randolph is neither a villain nor a coward. Retract your words, or fight with me."

"I would belie myself were I to recall anything which I have spoken."

"Then fight."

The tutor, though on his guard, was unable to parry the furious lunge which was suddenly directed at him, and fell severely wounded. The following day he was dismissed from the college for engaging in a duel, but the name of his antagonist was never disclosed. Ah, no, children, it was hardly fair; that boy was too quick. Yes, he was too quick.—Bring me another glass of ale.'

"Grandfather," asked the little fellow upon the old gentleman's knee, "why didn't you fight for Mr. Randolph?"

For a moment or two the Judge was silent, and then, to the amazement of every one, slowly replied, "Your grandfather did."

—*Otto Wolff, Jr.*

## EDITORIAL

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**Prize** Stories and poems for the LIT. prize competition will be due on Saturday, January 11th. All manuscripts must be signed with an assumed name, the real and the assumed names to be enclosed together in a separate sealed envelope. Each article must be marked "Contest." Reference is made to the editorial department of the October number for further particulars with regard to the competition. Three members of the faculty will act as judges: at their discretion one or both of the prizes will be withheld if no contribution should prove of sufficient merit to justify the award. No such contingency, however, is anticipated.

The outcome of the debate with Yale **The Debate** was of course a disappointment from the Princeton point of view. Yet except to the partisanship which rests satisfied with nothing short of victory, the debate may well bring a feeling of real satisfaction to the vanquished as well as to the victor. It was, from start to finish, a losing battle for Princeton. Our guests from Yale were the first to admit that we had what was by far the weaker side of the question; so much weaker, in fact, that the debaters and their able coach were compelled to put a construction upon the question which it was not fully able to bear, in order to have any defensible case at all. Yet the men who represented Princeton on the intellectual gridiron did all, and more than all, that could be expected of them. Great credit is due them, and has



been awarded them by the rest of the university. Regrets over the outcome of a contest such as this are only superficial. The debate was a fine one: in the matter of argument, Yale can be conceded no superiority to Princeton when the advantages of the respective sides of the question are considered.

We are glad to congratulate Yale on her success. On the occasion of certain recent debates, there have been some questionings, and mental reservations, and differences of opinion with regard to the decision; but these were conspicuously absent after the Yale debate. "Our friends the enemy" won fairly and squarely, both in the case they presented and in the form of its presentation. The score now again standing at a tie, Yale may rest assured that no stone will be left unturned to carry away a victory from New Haven next year.

The enthusiasm over each intercollegiate debate at Princeton has steadily increased since our series with Yale was inaugurated. We will not rest satisfied until it is the case, that to debate on a Princeton team carries with it here among ourselves, not only almost, but altogether, as much honor and prestige as to face Yale in football. In the eyes of most thinking people outside of the university this gauge of measurement already obtains. The drift of things is in the direction of such an attitude in Princeton itself. It lies with us to bring it about.

There is no intellectual exercise which demands the possession of so many prime qualifications as platform debating. It calls for quickness of perception, and the capacity for cool reflection and sound judgment; for ability to see the salient points of a question, to pierce with unerring precision to the razor edge on which its issues divide. It demands keenness and alertness, to sieze off-hand upon

a weakness in the adversary's position, or to detect fallacies in his argument. It needs, though in a less degree, the power of words and of voice, and that magnetic influence of personality which enables a public speaker to hold an audience, as well as a subject, in sure grasp.

But if success in debating insistently demands all these qualifications, debating is no less the sure and only means of attaining them. The college man may engage in no other discipline which will mean so much to him, toward fitting him for the struggle for existence in after life; and not only aiding him in the struggle for existence, but broadening and manifolding his powers of active and positive influence for good in the world.

Just in so far as the mind is more than the body, is this intellectual prowess a higher thing than any physical and athletic supremacy. No one will wisely say that the latter is not abundantly worth striving for: to neglect the physical development in favor of the intellectual is as one-sided (and really as injurious to the intellectual itself,) as the contrary process, of seeking to develop the brawn alone without the brain. Yet we do think that the more the glory and fame of our Alma Mater are made to depend upon her standing in the lead on the intellectual side of inter-collegiate rivalry, the more lasting and genuine that glory and fame will be.

## GOSSIP: OF OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES

"To things of sale a seller's praise belongs."

— *Wm. Shakespeare; "Love's Labour's Lost."*

"Tiger, Tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Framed thy fearful symmetry?"

— *Wm. Blake; "Songs of Experience."*

The literary history of Princeton during the past year has been replete with interest. *The Tiger* became somewhat less articulate than usual, and thereupon *The Princetonian* (of course without assuming any responsibility for the sentiment) published a communication on the subject. Then *The Tiger* yawned, rubbed his back against the various V. I. S. sign-boards, sold two hundred copies, and held a banquet in his native jungle that stretches from Brown towards the tropics. Of course everything was temporarily forgotten and forgiven. But even two hundred copies at a quarter apiece represent only a finite quantity of what the Gossip, endeavoring to speak as delicately as his theme allows, will call alcoholic substance; so at last *The Tiger* awoke to the realization that he owed *The Princetonian* one.

To pay this debt required the utmost moral courage, for the scheme of revenge demanded the middle pages of one issue, to the subordination of the dainty complacent little tale of adventure and heroism to the gentle crooning of which *The Tiger* is accustomed to purr his contentment with himself and his surroundings. But the sacrifice was made: there was a reproduction of a typical second page of our priceless and valueless daily, with its explanatory and commendatory observations on itself collectively and individually, its typographical idiosyncracies, its vagaries in the matter of advertisements—all in all, a lamentable exhibition of tigerish vindictiveness.

*The Princetonian* suffered no material injury, for, if report is to be trusted, an arrangement had been effected by which all its subscriptions had been charged upon the university bill under the heading of Fuel, Gas, etc.; but it was very much grieved at such ingratitude. So it maintained a scornful silence. *The Princetonian*, you see, has an eye to artistic effect.

These instances reveal a new tendency in present-day undergraduate literature; beside the accustomed attention to their own several con-

cerns, these exponents of undergraduate sentiment have begun to show an interest in their contemporaries. The *Lit.* is always conservative, but this altruistic impulse can no longer be disregarded without fanaticism. The time has now arrived when the Gossip must announce a new policy by which everyone has a chance of distinction.

*The Daily Princetonian* is a vehicle for news. By reference to it, a student of the vernacular can learn the scores of the games that he has witnessed, the openings favored by the members of the Chess Team, the Thanksgiving attractions and the offerings of the theatres [To the printer: follow the MS.], the names of the runners in the cross-country, the elections of one sort or another, the progress of the reports of the Princeton Patagonian Expedition, and the —; and after taking a deep breath, the Gossip can conclude this list of news items by remarking that here one can also find statements of the uses of the Bird Club, the aims of the publication, and the achievements of the members of its board. Then, as a subsidiary part of the news, there are occasional here-and-there, little jottings for the benefit of those who read nothing but *The Princetonian*, and yet dislike to appear ignorant. These will inform you of outside happenings, such as the election of Mayor Low, the destruction of the *Maine*, and the discovery of the Law of Gravitation. There is also a large space devoted to the advertisement of wares other than those offered by the editors. Lastly, and to be judiciously distinguished from the previous category, are a few paragraphs congratulating those who have a claim to the loyalty of the paper, urging all who have any ability to come out and try, deprecating certain things as unfortunate or disgraceful, and earnestly striving to fill up the interstices between the advertisements. The Gossip regrets that he can not pause for due consideration of matters of such relatively great importance as the title and the terms of subscription.

The purpose of *The Tiger* is far different: the deep underlying motive of it all is a desire to impress subscribers with the fact that the members of the board are not so simple and childlike in their innocence as their photograph in *The Bric-a-Brac* might lead one to suppose; but that they are knowing men who have had experience of life, understand the follies and foibles incident to humanity, and now and then cut Chapel or smoke a high-life cigarette, themselves. *The Tiger* maintains this introspection, this subjective analysis of his own bold-bad-mannish moods with a careful unity; but there is no monotony, for his rolling eye sweeps majestically from Scud's to the precincts of Witherspoon Street, from Jugtown to Sleepy Hollow, over the whole map of Trenton, and rests upon the dazzlingly brilliant circles of gay Paris which so fascinate those who read appreciative accounts of it all. But lest there be any misapprehension, the Gossip must repeat that amid all these variations the unity of design is fastidiously observed. Subjectivity and unity—these are the requisites of the lyric. And *The Tiger*

is lyrical—splendidly, loftily, sublimely, and impressively lyrical in his monodramatic utterances—poetic beyond the possibility of articulate expression in his self-revelation: his whole song is grand and sweet—what he himself might call mouthsome. And this leads the Gossip to comment upon the style of *The Tiger*. Let it be understood that the noble animal is an apostle, possessed of the gift of tongues; he writes nigger stories in a dialect that sounds fairly probable, Irish tales in what looks like an attempt to introduce phonetic spelling, Kentucky anecdotes in a jargon that leads us to suspect an accident to some of the keys of *The Tiger's* type-writer, Turkish jokes in what at least is not English, French scintillations in a peculiar typography that suggests French prosody, and editorials in perfect innocence. Yes, *The Tiger* is an apostle; though, virtuous reader, not an apostle of anything wicked,—merely of himself.

P. S.—By the way, dear *Tiger*, has the Gossip paid what he owes you or the little bill made out to the *Gas-up from the Lasso Nit*? Presumably because of some carelessness on the part of the printer, he could not, he confesses, altogether grasp the meaning of a few phases like *a-dlo* so he cannot determine the exact amount of his indebtedness. If he has not paid in full, he will be glad to remit, at whatever inconvenience. If everything is now squared up, all right—have your claws manicured, and there an end. But as the Gossip is down at heels, he really must beg you to be so honest as to return the change, if he has paid you anything in excess of what he rightfully owes you for value received.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

It is not strange that environment sets the tone of our thinking. We feel this is so generally true, that we put it down as one of the axioms of intellectual life. There are, of course, notable exceptions in those who, under most discomfiting surroundings, or with apparently no external inspiration, have thought and written nobly. But the young writer, has not yet learned this power, and his work too often merely reflects the outward conditions of his life.

We are reminded of this fact by comparing the character of the exchanges for the first two months of this year. After giving publication to the first lot of articles, written presumably during the summer, the contributors seem, under the influence of an intellectual atmosphere, to have devoted themselves to far superior work. The stories are brighter, the essays more scholarly, and the general tone more, as it should be, literary. "The Negritos of the Philippines" in the *Vassar Miscellany* and "Causes and Results of the Massachusetts Theocracy" in the *Smith Monthly* are by far the most careful essays, as well as being most valuable. "Eleanore Duse" in the *William's Lit.* is well written, "Burger, Burns, and Beranger" in the *Univ. of Vir. Magazine* shows study but lacks finished style; the "Ballad of Jack Lubber," in the same magazine, is a good bit of jolly verse. The "Major's Roses" in the *Smith Monthly* is the best dialect story that has appeared this year.

Of the many poems we quote the following :

### ROSEMARY AND RUE

Farewell, we must forget,—  
 There is naught else for loveless hearts to do;  
 Let fall the rosemary, take up the rue.  
 Though lips may pale and once-fond eyes grow wet,—  
 Dear heart, we must forget.  
 Farewell, we must forget,—  
 Among those joy-fraught dreams of long ago,  
 'Tis best to let the poppy blossoms grow.  
 Old mem'ries can but waken vain regret,—  
 Dear heart, we must forget.  
 Farewell, we must forget,—  
 For sighs and vows and joys, sweet love and all,  
 Are dead delights, and fled beyond recall;  
 Rememb'ring them can only bring regret,—  
 Dear heart, we must forget.

Farewell, we must forget,—  
 But ere we part, love, for one moment stay,  
 Till from thine eyes I kiss the tears away,  
 And when our tear-dimmed eyes no more are wet,—  
 Dear heart, then we'll forget.

—*Floyd W. Jefferson, in the Yale Courant.*

### A BRITON CALVAIRE

Upon a gray hill over there,  
 Not high above the misty sea  
 That breaks and sobs unceasingly,  
 There stands an old and frail calvaire,  
 Upraising like an unvoiced cry  
 Its great black arms against the sky,

A sad and lifeless land it is  
 With tangled brush half overgrown,  
 A waste of marsh and heath and stone.  
 A land between eternities,  
 For e'er above it looms the sky  
 And there below the waves break high.

For storm-beat years the cross has stood;  
 It slants before the winter gale,  
 And now the Christ is marred and pale;  
 The rain has washed away the blood  
 That ran once on its brow and side,  
 And in its feet the seems are wide.

But when the boats put out to sea  
 At earliest dawn before the day,  
 The fishermen they turn and pray,  
 Their eyes upon the Calvary,  
 "O Fils de Dieu, O Jesus-Christ,  
 We trust our little boats to Thee."

And when the storm blows hard and shrill,  
 Then toil-bent women worn with fear  
 Pray for the lives they hold so dear  
 And seek the cross upon the hill.  
 "O gardez-eux, mon Jesus-Christ,"  
 They cry for them upon the sea.

And when the dead are carried by  
 Across that lonely, lifeless land—  
 Dead that were thrown upon the strand  
 By cruel waves beneath the sky—  
 They stop beneath the old calvaire,  
 They cross themselves and say a prayer.

O Christ who died on Calvary,  
 They know not whom they worship there,  
 But Thou dost hear and Thon dost care,  
 For Thou art Love and sympathy,  
 And Thou hast pity large and free  
 For all who raise their eyes to Thee.

—*Harry James Smith, in the Williams Lit.*



## BOOK TALK

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*Balfour's Life of Stevenson* New York: Scribner's. \$4.00.

These are the volumes that admirers of Stevenson have so eagerly waited for and looked forward to. We feel a certain sense of regret that Mr. Colvin, the admirable editor of the "Letters," could not, as had been intended, write the "Life." But on the whole Mr. Balfour has satisfactorily done his work. Indeed, it is safe to say that almost no book with Robert Louis Stevenson as its subject could be dull.

Volume One begins with an account of Stevenson's ancestors and parents, goes through his childhood, youth, and student days, and takes him up to his thirty-fourth year. By far the most interesting part of the volume, and perhaps of the whole book, is that containing the chapters on his "Boyhood" (such a boyhood as few men spent), "Student Days," and "Life at Five-and-Twenty." Throughout this volume and the whole book Mr. Balfour quotes largely from Stevenson's own accounts of himself which are clear-sighted and true to a remarkable extent. In this way Mr. Balfour has contrived to keep before the reader's mind Stevenson, and not obtrude his own personality.

The second volume relates Stevenson's life in England and the United States, his cruises in the Pacific, and his final settlement at Vailima. To me, the two chapters on the South Sea Cruises are rather less interesting reading. While intertaining in themselves as telling of a unique corner of the world and relating a romantic adventure, they make a distinct pause in the narrative of Stevenson's life, and add little to the history of its development. But it is a necessary part of the book and the fault is perhaps more in the subject matter than the biographer; and at any rate, if fault there is, it is more than atoned for by the vivid picture of Stevenson's life and work on his plantation at Vailima.

The last chapter in the book, headed "R. L. S." (Stevenson's signature to many of his magazine articles) is a general estimate of Stevenson as man and writer, or rather a defence. This is probably what brought forth Mr. W. E. Henley's article in the Pall Mall Magazine, as there is no other part of the book which could give ground for such a protest. It is impossible to tell what hidden motives there may be for this article, but at present they seem none other than spleen and possibly envy. Whether Mr. Henley's remarks are true or not, there can be no question about the uselessness of publishing them, and for Stevenson it need only be said: "He never would have done this."

*The Rights of Man.* By Lyman Abbott.

Under this title Dr. Lyman Abbott has collected a series of addresses on Twentieth Century problems. Existing conditions and tendencies are carefully reviewed and the danger of strict partisanship as well as of indifference to political affairs is clearly shown. The arrangement of the material is good, and the whole is looked at from a religious point of view. The lectures begin with the elementary form of government and trace its development up to the democracy, showing the strength and weakness of each system. This work was written for the class of voters who do not fully realize the power and duties conferred by citizenship and who are ignorant of the real issues at stake. The book is an able treatise on politics and will have a great influence if read as widely as it deserves.

*The Marrow of Tradition.* By Charles W. Chestnut.

Mr. Chestnut has made a strong effort to show the rest of the world what he considers to have been the true position of the negro in the South shortly after the Civil War. As the story proceeds we are supposed to see the best and worst traits of the aristocracy as well as of the former slaves, while through the whole runs tragedy and romance. Of the three characters who stirred up prejudice of race, one only was working solely for "white supremacy, the other two were seeking personal advantages." The superstitious African is shown, with only a few exceptions, to be without moral stamina. The book has a strong dramatic interest and is well written.

*The House Divided.* By H. B. Marriott Watson. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

I suppose that a stirring romance of the 18th century should contain a certain amount of color to make it worth while; and yet when phrases and colloquialisms are introduced into the conversation, that remind one unpleasantly of Fielding at his worst, one can not help wishing that, for the sake of many of his readers, the author had lowered his standard of realism. That it is a stirring romance no one will doubt. I imagine it would be a difficult matter for Mr. Watson to write a romance that was not stirring, but there is not enough restraint about it all; for every person in the book, for whom the reader could possibly care, is either killed or lost in a maelstrom of grief. One does not like to see the last pages of a good story blurred with the blood of every lovable character it contains.

*New Canterbury Tales.* By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

In "New Canterbury Tales," as in all Maurice Hewlett's work, we are chiefly impressed by the intensity, and yet the delicacy, of the coloring that pervades each story. This is not produced by any trick of judiciously inserting "local touches," but is a subtler and more artistic effect produced by the style. The tone of the tales in this book ranges from the brooding Celtic mysticism of "Dan Costard's Tale of *Peridore and Parvair*" to the fierce, sultry Italian atmosphere of "Captain Saloman Brazenhead's Tale of *The Half-Brothers*"—a legend through which stalks the spirit of the red city of Siena that Hewlett has so vividly pictured in one of the essays of his "Earthwork out of Tuscany." The six tales that, with the slight setting of the Canterbury pilgrimage, make up the volume, are all taken from European folk-lore: but the outlines adopted have been filled in and expanded by dramatic developments that have re-made the old stories; the author has read into them a new and deeper significance and interest. And all are told in the style characteristic of Hewlett, crisp, forceful and suggestive, each word contributing its part to the effect. This collection of "New Canterbury Tales" is such a book as might have been expected from the author of "Little Novels of Italy."

*American Traits, Seen from the Point of View of a German.* By Hugo Münsterberg. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.60, net.

These five essays are a reprint and an enlargement of articles that appeared originally in the "Atlantic Monthly" and the "International Monthly." Collectively they are a plea for closer study of Germans and German institutions on the part of Americans, and *vice versa*, on the ground that both peoples could learn much from each other.

The first essay is a comparison of the two nations. The professor takes the rather curious position that the two peoples do not like each other, due chiefly to the fact that neither knows the other at his best. There is a prejudice on the part of the Germans toward Americans to the effect that they have no idealism, while on the other hand Americans imagine the Germans as having no spirit of freedom. The one he disproves by showing how idealism pervades our political life as well as business life, and for the Germans he claims greater inner freedom, mentioning Luther and Kant as examples.

The second article, "Education," is largely autobiographical, being a contrast of the educational methods of the two countries. He assigns enthusiasm and thorough mental equipment in their gymnasium teachers

as the reason for the better scholarship of German youth, and too much pedagogy, psychology, and theory of education in our teachers as the cause of the average young American being three years behind his German brother.

In the next essay he finds that while advantages for post-graduate study are just as good here as in Germany, scholarship is not what it ought to be because in Germany the very idea of a university demands productive scholarship, while here production is but a secondary factor.

The article on "Women" is in fact a plea for "Man's Rights." The author thinks, with justice, that in America there is a decided tendency to feminize the higher culture. This danger to civilization is to be avoided not by lowering the culture of women but by raising that of men.

In the final chapter, "Democracy," he proceeds to discriminate between the different meanings of the word and to show that there is as much democracy in German institutions as in American. At considerable length he endeavors to prove that the United States and Germany are approaching each other by a movement along opposite lines, our country moving towards aristocracy, Germany towards democracy.

Whether we agree with the writer's views or not, the book is interesting, and the problems discussed are living ones of the day. The tone of the work is thoroughly German, a fact the more noticeable by the long sentences characteristic of German style.

*James Russell Lowell* — A Biography. By Horace E. Scudder. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2 vols. \$3.50.

An admirable biography. A full and complete life of Lowell, of any quality, has been a desideratum; and Mr. Scudder has been peculiarly successful in the fulfilment of his self-appointed task. Since Professor C. E. Morton had already given to the world two volumes of Lowell's letters, to which little that was of value could be added, there is intentionally less of the autobiographical element in these pages than is found in a "Life and Letters" of the usual type. Of Lowell as the student, the poet, the journalist, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and of the *North American Review*, as the author and university professor, and as the accomplished diplomat at foreign courts, there is full and appreciative treatment. The feature, however, in which the biography possibly most excels is its revelation of Lowell the man, with his warm, impulsive personality, who could never refrain from making a confidante of every friend and acquaintance (and even of the public) on all the topics most intimately affecting his private emotional life. The book is most delightfully written, with as much variety of interest to the reader as Lowell's own life possessed. It will doubtless take its place with the fine *Life of the Master of Balliol* as one of the best of biographies of recent years.

"*Over the Plum Pudding.*" By John Kendrick Bangs. New York : Harper Brothers. \$1.15.

Mr. Bangs is already famous for his humour; but if he were not the present volume would make him so. "An Unmailed Letter" is perhaps the most serious story of the collection, and brings its reader to a startling realization of his sin. The tales of Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-the-Zugvitz, and its entertaining inhabitants, are quaint in their humour, and finished in their technique. Hans Pumperrickel is a creation; and "His Vigil," is as original and droll a fancy as one could wish to read. The other stories of the volume maintain the high standard of their author. One can not help looking forward with some impatience to more tales of Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz.

"*Princess Puck.*"

"The Princess Puck" is a book that carries us back in its style to the novel of a century ago. Its scene, however, is laid in the country land of England, about our own time. The events are those of country life, but the writer has thrown a charm over them by an interesting and deeply laid plot, which has to do with the establishing of a young man, the last of an ancient family, in his right to the old country-seat of his ancestors. This is accomplished for him by the heroine who, though mistaken in a first love, finally marries him.

This "Princess Puck" is, of course, the most interesting person in the story, and the book would be well worth reading were it only to follow out the wonderful development which her character undergoes and the influence which the power of love exerts upon her life.

"*Before the Dawn.*" By Pimenoff-Noble.

This book, though not as fine a work perhaps as some others of its kind, is nevertheless a fascinating story and entertaining throughout. It is a Russian tale, bristling with Nihilism and harrowing adventures. The plot, briefly, is the arrest on a false charge of a Russian student and her meeting and subsequent love-affair with a Russian exile. There are, of course, other phases and scenes, numerous plots and counter-plots that make the story interesting, but the romance of Puinja Platanow is preëminent. The book is charming in its originality; though not as strong or as thrilling as Meriman's "Sowers" or Pemberton's "Footsteps of a throne," it is withal a good picture of Russia and well worth reading.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

Several books that came too late for review in this number will be reviewed later.

Macmillan & Co. New York.

*Student's History of Philosophy.* By Rogers.

*The New Americans.* By Alfred Hodder. \$1.50.

*St. Nazarius.* By A. C. Farquharson. \$1.50.

*Calumet K.* By Merwin Webster. \$1.25.

Dodd, Mead & Co. New York.

*Light Freights.* By W. W. Jacobs. \$1.50.

Charles Scribner's Sons. New York.

*The Education of the American Citizen.* By Arthur Twining Hadley. \$1.50.

*Victorian Prose Masters.* By W. C. Brownell. \$1.50.

*Essays and Addresses.* By Augustine Birrell. \$1.00.

*The Cathedral, and Other Poems.* By Martha Gilbert Dickinson. \$1.50.

Henry T. Coates & Co. Philadelphia.

*By the Higher Law.* By Julia H. Tuells, Jr. \$1.50.

*Captain Bluitt.* By Charles Heber Clark (Max Adeler).

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